

THE SWORD OF THE LORD

and of John R. Rice

"And they cried, The Sword of the Lord, and of Gideon." Judges 7:20.

An Independent Religious Weekly, Standing for the Verbal Inspiration of the Bible, the Deity of Christ, His Blood Atonement, Salvation by Faith, New Testament Soul Winning and the Premillennial Return of Christ. Opposes Sin, Modernism, and Denominational Overlordship

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"Should A Christian Take Out Insurance?"

Recently a letter came from Oregon which asked this question.

"If you have some spare time I'd like some advice on the question of insurance. In view of the Lord's soon return, do you think a Christian should take out insurance? I'm a girl earning my way teaching school at a small salary. My only thought regarding insurance is my parents' protection in case of my death. I'll greatly appreciate your help with this problem."

"One thought is that the Lord will provide anyway regardless of what happens. My parents are Christians. Is this a right attitude? Give me your prayerful answer. I know of no one else to ask."

The answer to the above letter may be helpful and suggestive to many so it is printed here.

August 11, 1937

Dear —
Your kind words written in June concerning "The Sword of the Lord" pleased me very much. Please forgive my delay in answering. It was unavoidable. And we greatly appreciate the subscriptions to "The Sword of the Lord."

You asked me about the problem you faced of whether you should take out insurance. I will answer the best I can.
On this matter the Lord has dealt with me, too. I came out of the World War with \$10,000.00 government insurance, the best in the world. In that connection my mind kept returning to the words of the Saviour in Matthew 6:19: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal," and similar passages, such as Matthew 6:33. I came to the conclusion that insurance is a form of saving. I believe in thrift and saving is often admirable. But in my case I came to the conclusion that if I could trust the Lord about it I would be just as safe, yes, safer than if I had insurance. My wife and I talked it over. We decided that if we put the money into the Lord's work instead of putting it in on insurance that the dear, faithful God who says that the hairs of our heads are all numbered and that He cares more for us than the sparrow and yet not a sparrow falls without His knowing it; such a Heavenly Father would care for us. So we dropped the life insurance entirely. Now when people say, "What would your wife and children do if you should die?" I answer, "But worse still, think what they would do if the Lord should die." We have committed the matter to the Lord and have perfect assurance that the Lord

will either keep me at hand to support them or will support them without me should He call me home. With us it was a matter of faith and we have great joy in the decision which we have made.

Likewise our church building is not insured. Since we do not owe money on it it is not necessary to have it insured for the creditors and we trust the Lord to take care of it.

Now I believe you can solve your problem this way. If God gives you perfect peace of mind about it and you can so commit the care of your mother and father to the Lord as to be sure God will take care of them without insurance, then it seems to me it would be proper for you not to have insurance. If God does not give you faith to do that then you might take out insurance. But I firmly believe that that is not as good as trusting the Lord.

I know that there are many earnest, good Christians who take out insurance and maintain it through the years. I do not question their sincerity nor that they earnestly try to please God. But I believe one can have such faith as makes it unnecessary to save money for a rainy day, to lay by for old age, or to lay up money to safeguard those dependent upon us or to take out insurance. I would not ask anybody in this matter to act on my faith. Let each one be fully persuaded in his own mind and then if he can trust the Lord about it as I have done I know beyond a doubt it will be a great joy and he will be much safer than if he put his dependence upon insurance or savings.

I give it as a personal testimony that Mrs. Rice and I have had perfect peace on this question now for many years. It was hard before to meet our insurance premiums. We often felt that the money was needed in the Lord's work. It was a constant reminder to us that we were trying to take care of the future ourselves instead of trusting the Lord about it. There has

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The General Association of Regular Baptist Churches

(Copied from Dr. W. B. Riley's Magazine, *The Pilot*).

We have not seen our way to go with the Regular Baptist Churches. Our experience in the Baptist Bible Union convinced us of the wisdom of holding our ground and contending for the faith dear to our fathers.

But, we frankly rejoice in any and every evidence of divine blessing upon any devoted company of brethren. It is, therefore, a pleasure to have from their President, Dr. Robert T. Ketcham, a report of the annual conference in Johnson City, N. Y., May 10th to 13th.

Dr. Ketcham reports that 19 young men and women were on the platform, candidates for the foreign mission field under their Mid-Mission Board. He says further:

"In the past 18 months from less than 100 churches 29 missionaries have been actually sent to the field, equipped, passaged, and salaried; 27 more are either on the high seas, or will be sailing before the end of 1937; and there is still a waiting list of 52 candidates to be examined. These are missionaries in connection with the Mid-Missions and Association of Baptists."

Frankly our fear for this company of Baptists was that they might fail at the point of missions, and, having withdrawn from the Northern Convention, send few representatives to the heathen. We rejoice that their contention was not a mere cover for indolence, but based upon convictions that are sacrificial, as all true convictions must ever be.

The statement put forth by Dr. J. Frank Norris that I had quit the Northern Convention and his later explanations had not a scintilla of fact about them. As one who is still in that Convention, and, at present writing, expects to so remain, I know, respect, and love the men who form THE REGULAR BAPTIST company, and am glad to feel that they are industriously and intelligently engaged in the service of God

—W. B. Riley.

Two Days' Vacation

The Hallettsville revival closed last Sunday, August 15th. It had been my purpose to return to Dallas Monday, but I found myself so tired by the strenuous work of several weeks that I was tempted to take a day or two of rest before beginning another revival. When I heard from Brother Louis Entzminger, he suggested that I come by Houston while in the southern part of the state. I longed for a smell of the sea again—I have never gotten enough of the ocean. Then my children had never seen San Jacinto battlefield, had never bathed in the surf nor had more than a few hours' glimpse of a sea port. We therefore decided to visit Houston and Galveston before returning to Dallas.

We drove the 117 miles to Houston where we had lunch at a delicatessen-cafeteria. And that is an interesting event to my family of five daughters. With Mrs. Rice and Miss Fairy Shappard, the stenographer, we made a party of eight, and if the cooks could see their obvious enjoyment of a meal, they would certainly be happy. I am sure!

Then while the family investigated Houston, I had two or three hours of happy fellowship with Bro. Louis Entzminger. He is a fine Bible scholar, a thorough-going fundamentalist, a lovable Christian gentleman, and without a doubt one of the greatest Sunday School experts living. Bro. Entzminger is now the pastor of the new Berean Baptist Church, organized in June and now rapidly approaching 100 members. It is already on a self-sustaining basis. They have rented the Wharton School building in Houston where they have an auditorium seating 500 and plenty of class rooms for church and Sunday School uses. Bro. Entzminger teaches a Thursday night Bible class which runs over a hundred each week. He took me in his car through all that fine residential section of Houston. There is no other Baptist church near, and it seems certain that by the blessing of God he will soon have a strong soul

winning church, a lighthouse of Bible truth. May God put His blessings upon the work!

Brother Entzminger has many calls for Sunday School enlargement and church building work, far more calls than he can fill. We thank God for his usefulness. We had a blessed time of fellowship. We have had many happy hours together in the past and I hope will have many more in the future. We are looking forward to having him in a Sunday School enlargement campaign in our church as and when God opens the way.

San Jacinto Battlefield

Southeast of Houston about eighteen miles is the San Jacinto battle ground, the birthplace of Texas liberty. There on April 21, 1836, a band of not over 800 Texans under General Sam Houston met and defeated an army of several times as many under Dictator Santa Anna of Mexico. Just before the battle was the darkest hour the cause of Texas independence had ever seen. 6,000 Mexicans had taken the Alamo at San Antonio by storm and Travis and his less than 200 heroes had been killed. Another detachment of Americans had surrendered to the Mexican army. Then they were taken out and shot at Goliad. The colonists were fleeing by the hundreds back to the United States. General Sam Houston held his men together and led Santa Anna into a trap between two streams. There the little band attacked and lost only eight men killed and mortally wounded, while they killed 630 Mexicans, took hundreds captive and seized General Santa Anna, the dictator of Mexico, himself. There Texas independence from

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Revival At Hallettsville

By Rev. L. O. Englemann

Sunday, August 15, there closed the greatest revival that Hallettsville has had in many years. Dr. John R. Rice, of Dallas, had been with us for two weeks, preaching several times daily, and the power and presence of the Holy Spirit were seen in a great way.

Crowds were large. With a population in Hallettsville of 1,400 people, crowds were usually around 300, and at times ran up to 400 people. Many came from the country round about. Each afternoon throughout the first part of the meeting, Dr. Rice visited some community in the county, and spoke at an afternoon rally. Many were saved at these meetings.

As a result of the meeting there have been 59 conversions, 6 re-consecrations, with 11 baptisms to date. The local Methodist Church has been blessed, receiving quite a number of new members. Others will join our Baptist Church in the coming weeks.

The greatest blessing, however, was to the church members themselves. Happy times were experienced when men and women, some for the first time in their lives, did personal work, prayed definitely and were given an answer to their prayer, and consecrated themselves to the Lord.

Praise the Lord for His blessings upon us.

Safety, Certainty and Enjoyment

OR, WHAT CLASS ARE YOU TRAVELING?

(This remarkable sermon is by an English Evangelist and has blessed multiplied thousands of hearts. Be sure to read every line of it — The Editor).

What an oft-repeated question! Let me put it to you, my reader! for traveling you most certainly are—traveling from time into Eternity, and who knows how very, very near you may be this moment to the Great terminus?

Let me ask you then in all kindness, "What class are you traveling?" There are but three. Let me describe them, that you may put yourself to the test as in the presence of "him with whom you have to do."

First Class—Those who are saved, and who know it.

Second Class—Those who are not sure of salvation, but anxious to be so.

Third Class—Those who are not only unsaved, but totally indifferent about it.

Again I repeat my question, "What class are you traveling?" Oh, the madness of indifference when eternal issues are at stake. A short time since a man came rushing into the railroad station at Leicester, and while scarcely able to gasp for breath, he took his seat in one of the cars just on the point of starting.

"You've run it fine," said a fellow-passenger. "Yes," replied he, breathing heavily, after every two or three words, "but I've saved four hours, and that's well worth running for."

Saved four hours! I couldn't help repeating to myself. Four hours well worth that earnest struggle! What of Eternity? Yet are there not thousands of shrewd, far-seeing men today who look sharply enough after their own interests in this life, but who seem stone-blind to the Eternity before them? In spite of the infinite love of God to helpless rebels told at Calvary, in spite of his pronounced hatefulness of sin, in spite of the known

brevity of man's history here, in spite of

The Terrors of Judgment

after death, and of the solemn probability of waking up at last with the unbearable remorse of being on Hell's side of a "fixed" gulf, man hurries on to the bitter, bitter end, as careless as if there were no God, no death, no judgment, no heaven, no hell! If the reader of these pages be such an one, may God this very moment have mercy upon you, and while you read these lines open your eyes to your most perilous position, standing as you may on the slippery brink of an endless woe!

Oh, friend, believe it or not, your case is truly desperate! Put off the thought of eternity no longer. Remember that procrastination is like him who deceives you by it, not only a "thief," but a "murderer." There is much truth in the Spanish proverb which says, "The road of 'By-and-by' leads to the town of 'never.'" I beseech

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HEAR
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RADIO WRR
7:30 a. m. Sunday

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Safety, Certainty, and Enjoyment

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you, unknown reader, travel that road no longer. "Now is the day of salvation."

"But," says one, "I am not indifferent as to the welfare of my soul. My deep trouble lies wrapped up in another word—Uncertainty; i. e., I am among the second-class passengers you speak of."

Well, reader, both indifference and uncertainty are the offspring of one parent—unbelief. The first results from unbelief as to the sin and ruin of man, the other from unbelief as to God's sovereign remedy for man.

The only son of a devoted father is at sea. News comes that his ship has been wrecked on some foreign shore. Who can tell the anguish of suspense in that father's heart until, upon the most reliable authority, he is assured that his boy is safe and sound? Or, again, you are far from home. The night is dark and wintry, and your way is totally unknown. Standing at a point where two roads diverge, you ask a passer-by the way to the town you desire to reach, and he tells you he thinks that such and such a way is the right one, and hopes you will be all right if you take it. Would "thinks" and "hopes" and "may-bes" satisfy you? Surely not.

To lose your wealth is much;
To lose your soul is such a loss
As no man can restore.

Now, dear reader, there are three things I desire, by the Holy Spirit's help, to make clear to you, and to put them into Scripture language. They are these:

1. The way of Salvation (Acts 16:17).
2. The knowledge of salvation

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(Luke 1:77).

3. The joy of salvation (Psalm 51:12).

We shall, I think, see that, though intimately connected, they each stand upon a separate basis; so that it is quite possible for a soul to know the way to salvation without having the certain knowledge that he himself is saved; or, again, to know that he is saved, without possessing at all times the joy that ought to accompany that knowledge.

First, then, let me speak briefly of

The Way of Salvation

Please open your Bible and read carefully Exodus 13:13; there you will find these words from the lips of Jehovah: "Every firstling of an ass thou shalt redeem with a lamb; and if thou wilt NOT redeem it, THEN THOU SHALT BREAK HIS NECK; and all the firstborn of man among thy children shalt thou redeem."

Now, come back with me in thought to a supposed scene 3,000 years ago. Two men (a priest of God and a poor Israelite) stand in earnest conversation. Let us stand by, with their permission, and listen. The gestures of each bespeak deep earnestness about some matters of importance, and it is not difficult to see that the subject of conversation is how the firstling of the ass may be redeemed.

"I have come to find out," says the poor Israelite, "if there cannot be a merciful exception made in my favor this once. This feeble little thing is the firstling of my ass, and though I know full well what the law of God says about it, I am hoping that mercy will be shown, and the ass's life spared. I am but a poor man in Israel, and can ill afford to lose the little colt."

"But," answers the priest, firmly, "the law of the Lord is plain and unmistakable: 'Every firstling of an ass thou shalt redeem with a lamb; and if thou wilt not redeem it, then thou shalt break his neck.' Where is the lamb?"

"Ah, sir, no lamb do I possess."

"Then go, purchase one, and return, or the ass's neck must be broken. The lamb must die, or the ass must die."

"Alas! then all my hopes are crushed," he cried, "for I am too poor to buy a lamb."

While this conversation proceeds, a third person joins them, and after hearing the poor man's tale of sorrow, he turns to him and says kindly, "Be of good cheer,

"I Can Meet Your Need"

And thus he proceeds: "We have in our house, on the hilltop yonder, one little lamb, brought up at our very hearthstone, which is 'without spot or blemish.' It has never once strayed from home, and stands (and rightly so) in highest favor with all that are in the house. This lamb will I fetch." And away he hastens up the hill. Presently you see him gently leading the fair little creature down the slope, and very soon both lamb and ass are standing side by side.

Then the lamb is bound to the altar, its blood is shed, and the fire consumes it.

The righteous priest now turns to the poor man and says: "You can freely take home your little colt in safety; no broken neck for it now. The lamb has died in the ass's stead, and consequently the ass goes righteously free. Thanks to your friend."

Now, poor, troubled soul, can't you see in this God's own picture of a sinner's salvation? His claims as to your sin demanded a "broken neck"—i. e., righteous judgment upon your guilty head; the only alternative being the death of a divinely appointed substitute.

Now you could not find the provision to meet your case; but, in the person of his beloved son, God himself provided the Lamb. "Behold the Lamb of God," says John to his disciples, as his eyes fell upon that blessed, spotless One, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1:29).

Onward to "Calvary he went," as a lamb led to the slaughter, and there and then he "once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God" (1 Peter 3:18). He "was delivered for our offenses, and was raised again for our justification" (Romans 4:25). So that God does not abate one jot of His righteous, holy claims against sin when He justifies (i. e., clears from all charge of guilt) the ungodly sinner who believes in Jesus (Romans 3:26). Blessed be God for such a Saviour, such a salvation!

"Dost thou believe in the Son of God?"

"Well," you reply, "I have, as a poor, condemned sinner, found in Him one that I can safely trust. I do believe on Him."

Then I can tell you that the full value of His sacrifice and death, as God estimates it, He makes as good to you as though you had accomplished it all yourself.

But perhaps your eager inquiry may be: "How is it that since I do really distrust self and self-work, and wholly rely upon Christ and Christ's work that I have not the full certainty of my salvation?" You say: "If my feelings warrant me saying that I am saved one day, they are pretty sure to blight every hope the next, and I am left like a ship storm-tossed without any anchorage whatever." Ah! there lies your mistake. Did you ever hear of a captain trying to find anchorage by fastening his anchor inside the ship? Never. Always outside.

It may be that you are quite clear that it is Christ's death alone that gives safety; but you think that it is what you feel that gives certainty.

The Knowledge of Salvation

How did the firstborn sons of the thousands of Israel know for certain that they were safe the night of the Passover and Egypt's judgment? (See Exodus 12).

Let us make a visit or two to their houses and hear what they have to say.

We find in the first house we enter that they are all shivering with fear and suspense.

What is the secret of all this paleness and trembling? We inquire; and the firstborn son informs us that

The Angel of Death Is Coming

round the land and that he is not quite certain how matters will stand with him that solemn moment.

"When the destroying angel has passed our house," says he, "and the night of judgment is over, I shall then know that I am safe; but I can't see how I can be quite sure of it until then. They say

they are sure of salvation next door, but we think it very presumptuous. All I can do is to spend the long, dreary night hoping for the best."

"Well," we inquire, "but has not the God of Israel provided a way of safety for his people?"

"True," he replies, "and we have availed ourselves of that way of escape. The blood of the spotless and unblemished first-year lamb has been sprinkled with the bunch of hyssop on the lintel and two side-posts, but we still are not fully assured of shelter."

Let us now leave these doubting, troubled ones, and enter next door.

What a striking contrast meets our eyes at once! Peace rests on every countenance. There they stand, with girded loins, and staff in hand, feeding on the roasted lamb.

What can be the meaning of all this tranquillity on such a solemn night as this? "Ah," say they all, "we are only waiting for Jehovah's marching orders, and then we shall bid a last farewell to the taskmaster's cruel lash and all the drudgery of Egypt."

"But hold! Do not forget that this is the night of Egypt's judgment!"

"Right well we know it; but our firstborn son is safe. The blood has been sprinkled according to the wish of our God."

"But so it has been the next door," we reply; "but they are all unhappy because all are uncertain of safety."

"Ah!" firmly responds the firstborn, "but we have more than the sprinkled blood, we have the unerring word of God about it. God has said: 'When I see the blood I will pass over you.' God rests satisfied with the blood outside, and we rest satisfied with his word inside."

The sprinkled blood makes us safe.

The spoken word makes us sure. Could anything make us more safe than the sprinkled blood, or more sure than His spoken word? Nothing, nothing.

Now, reader, let me ask you a question: "Which of those two houses, think you, was the safer?"

Do you say No. 2 where all were so peaceful? Nay, then, you are wrong.

Both are safe alike.

Their safety depends upon what God thinks about the blood outside and not upon the state of their feelings inside.

If you would be sure of your own blessing, then, dear reader, listen not to

The unstable testimony of inward emotions, but to the infallible witness of the Word of God.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me hath everlasting life" (John 6:47).

Let me give you a simple illustration from everyday life. A certain farmer in the country, not having sufficient grass for his cattle, applies for a piece of pasture land which he hears is about to be let near his own house. For some time he gets no answer from the landlord. One day a neighbor comes in and says: "I feel quite sure you will get this field. Don't you recollect how that last Christmas he sent you a special present of game, and that he gave you a kind nod of recognition the other day when he drove past in the carriage?" And with such like words the farmer's mind is filled with sanguine hopes.

Next day another neighbor meets him, and in course of conversation he says, "I'm afraid you will stand no chance whatever of getting that grass field, Mr. — has applied for it, and you cannot but be aware what a favorite he is with the Squire—occasionally visits him," etc. And the poor farmer's bright hopes are dashed to the ground and burst like soap-bubbles. One day he is hoping, the next day full of perplexing doubts.

Presently the postman calls, and the farmer's heart beats fast as he breaks the seal of the letter. For he sees by the handwriting that it is from the Squire himself. See his countenance change from anxious suspense to undisguised joy as he reads and re-reads that letter.

"It's a settled thing now," exclaims he to his wife: "no more doubts and fears about it: 'hopes' and 'ifs' are things of the past. The Squire says that field is mine as long as I require it, on the most easy terms, and that's enough

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Revival Incidents

One of the prettiest baptizings I ever saw was Sunday night after 10:00 P. M., at Hallettsville. The pastor, L. O. Englemann, baptized ten people. The brilliant lights over the water, with giant oak trees hung with Spanish moss overhead and hundreds of people on every side looking on—what a setting for a baptizing! The water was crystal clear. I suppose more than one-half of those present had never seen a baptizing. Many of them were Catholics. Others were to have been baptized at Salem country church in the afternoon but the rain prevented. Still others are to be baptized next Sunday in the church baptistry at Hallettsville. New converts also planned to be baptized in the Pilot Grove church and the Hope Baptist Church. People saved in our services in those communities announced their intention of being baptized at once. We suppose that Pastor King, of Light Chapel Baptist Church will baptize his own daughter who trusted Christ in our services also. The infinite wisdom of God gave us baptism as a picture and likeness of eternal facts which we should never forget. Let us make much of this happy and beautiful ordinance.

"Your revival certainly has stirred this town," said a Catholic man to me as I took my car on Monday morning to be serviced before my departure. "I only got to attend one service," he said, "But I'll tell you I certainly learned plenty in that one night. Everybody is talking about the revival." We talked on a bit and then he said, "What I learned that did me so much good was that we Catholics are all wrong in going to a priest and confessing our sins to him and expecting him to forgive. The priest is just a man and he can't forgive you. What a fellow needs to do is confess his sins to the Lord Himself and get Him to forgive him and save him."

I had never said in any sermon about anything. I had never said anything about a Catholic priest nor about the confessional. But I did earnestly and fervently each night insist that people are not saved by baptism, are not saved by church membership; that multitudes of church members and "moral men" are in Hell; that ceremonies do not change the heart; that every individual must be born again and that Christ Himself was ready to save every person who would humbly and penitently trust in Him. Yes, and I proved it every night by the Bible. This Catholic man made his own application and I agree with him that he "learned plenty!" From what he told me later I believe that he sincerely trusted Christ for mercy and I praise the Lord that the gospel is still "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

A backslidden woman held her hand for prayer. She had been a Methodist but in her own words had become "just a dirty old backslider." Her daughter was converted, the mother got right with God, then a married daughter trusted Christ and then her sister. Night after night her unsaved husband sat and heard everything I said. I had been earnestly praying for him and I had no idea what was in his way.

Sunday night after the revival service closed he came to shake hands with me and I said, "Look here, are you going to let this revival close and you remain unsaved? Don't you want to turn to the Lord tonight and be saved and lead your family for the Lord?" He looked down a minute very gravely and then said, "Well, I would have to be a Methodist!" His wife had been a Methodist and he felt he must go with the family. Naturally I told him that it was far more important to be a Christian first and then if he felt led of God to go with his family that would be another question but he must not wait about his soul until he could be in Methodist services. When that was clear in his mind he gladly claimed the Lord and boldly had it announced to his friends. Many others had prayed for him, too, and it was a happy handshaking as the men nearby passed by to shake his hand and wish him well.

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Safety, Certainty, and Enjoyment

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for me. I care for no man's opinion now. His word settles all!"

"Forever, O Lord, thy word is settled in heaven" (Psalm 119:89); and to the simple-hearted believer now. His word settles all!"

"But how am I sure that I have the right kind of faith?"

"Well, there can be but one answer to that question, viz: Have you confidence in the right person, i. e., in the blessed Son of God?"

It is not a question of the amount of faith but of the trustworthiness of the person you repose your confidence in. One man takes hold of Christ, as it were, with

A Drowning Man's Grip

Another but touches the hem of His garment; but the sinner who does the former is not a bit safer than the one who does the latter. They have both made the same discovery, viz., that while all of self is totally untrustworthy they may safely confide in Christ, calmly rely on His Word, and confidently rest in the eternal efficacy of His finished work. That is what is meant by believing on Him. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me HATH everlasting life" (John 6:47).

Make sure of it then, reader, that your confidence is not reposed in your works of amendment, your religious observance, your pious feeling when under religious influences, your moral training from childhood, and the like. You may have the strongest faith in any or all of these and perish everlastingly. Don't deceive yourself by any "fair show in the flesh." The feeblest faith in Christ eternally saves, while the strongest faith in aught beside is but the offspring of a deceived heart; but the leafy twigs of your enemy's arranging over the pitfall of eternal perdition.

God, in the gospel, simply introduces to you the Lord Jesus Christ and says: "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." "You may," He says, "with all confidence trust his heart, though you cannot trust with impunity trust your own." "I do really believe on Him," said a sad-looking soul to me one day, "but yet, when asked if I am saved, I don't like to say yes, for fear I should be telling a lie." This young woman was a butcher's daughter in a small town in the Midlands. It happened to be a market-day and her father was not then returned from market. So I said: "Now, suppose when your father comes home you ask him how many sheep he bought today, and he answers 'Ten.' After a while a man comes to the shop and says, 'How many sheep did your father buy today?' and you reply, 'I don't like to say, for fear I should be telling a lie.'" "But," said the mother (who was standing by at that time), with righteous indignation, "that would be making your father the liar."

Now, dear reader, don't you see that this well-meaning young woman was virtually

Making Christ Out to Be A Liar Saying, "I do believe on the Son of God, and He says I have everlasting life, but I don't like to say I have, lest I should be telling a lie?" What daring presumption!

"But," says another, "how may I be sure that I really do believe? I have tried often enough to believe, and looked within to see if I had got it, but the more I look at my faith, the less I seem to have."

Ah, friend, you are looking in the wrong direction to find that

out, and your trying to believe but plainly shows that you are on the wrong track.

Let me give you another illustration to explain what I want to convey to you.

You are sitting at your quiet fireside one evening when a man comes in and tells you that the station-master has been killed that night on the railroad.

Now it so happens that this man has long borne the character in the place for being a very dishonest man, and the most daring, notorious liar in the neighborhood.

Do you believe, or even try to believe that man?

"Of course not," you exclaim.

"Pray, why?"

"Oh, I know him too well for that!"

"But tell me how you know that you don't believe him. Is it by looking at your faith or feelings?"

"No," you reply, "I think of the man that brings me the message."

Presently a neighbor drops in and says: "The station-master has been

Run Over By A Freight Train

tonight, and killed upon the spot." After he has left I hear you say cautiously, "Well, I partly believe it now: for to my recollection this man only once in his life deceived me, though I have known him from boyhood."

But again I ask: "Is it by looking at your faith this time that you know you partly believe it?"

"No," you repeat; "I am thinking of the character of my informant."

Well, this man has scarcely left your room before a third person enters, and brings you the same sad news as the first. But this time you say: "Now, John, I believe it. Since you tell me, I can believe it."

Again I press my question (which is, remember, but the echo of your own), "how do you know that you so confidently believe your friend John?"

"Because of who and what John is," you reply. "He never has deceived me, and I don't think he ever will."

Well, then, just in the same way I know that I believe the gospel, viz., because of the One who brings me the news. "If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater; for this is the witness of God which he hath testified of his Son. He that believeth not God hath made him a liar; because he believeth not the record that God gave of his Son" (I John 5:9, 10). Abraham believed God and it was counted unto him for righteousness (Romans 4:3).

An anxious soul once said to a servant of Christ: "Oh, sir, I can't believe!" To which the preacher wisely and quietly replied: "Indeed, who is it that you can't believe?" This broke the spell. He had been looking at faith as an indescribable something he must feel within himself in order to be sure he was all right for Heaven, whereas faith ever looks outside to a living Person, and his finished work, and quietly listens to the testimony of a faithful God about both.

It is the outside look that brings the inside peace. When a man turns his face toward the sun his own shadow is behind him. You cannot look at self and a glorified Christ in Heaven at the same moment.

Thus we have seen that the blessed person of God's Son wins my confidence. His finished work makes me eternally safe. God's Word about those who believe on Him makes me unalterably sure. I find in Christ and His work the way of salvation, and in the Word of God the knowledge of salvation.

But if saved, my reader, may say, How is it that I have such fluctuating experiences, so often?

Losing All My Joy

and comfort, and getting as wretched and downcast as I was before my conversion? Well, this brings us to our third point, viz.,

The Joy of Salvation

You will find in the teaching of Scripture that while you are saved by Christ's Word and assured by God's Word, you are maintained in comfort and joy by the Holy Ghost, who indwells every saved one's body.

Let me put it thus for you who do believe on God's Son:

Christ's Work

and

Your Salvation

Stand or fall together.

Your Walk

and

Your Enjoyment

Stand or fall together.

When Christ's work breaks down (and, blessed be God, it never, never will), your salvation will break down with it. When your walk breaks down (and be watchful, for it may), your enjoyment will break down with it.

Thus it is said of the early disciples (Acts 9:31), that they "walked in the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost."

And again in Acts 13:52: "The disciples were filled with joy, and with the Holy Ghost."

My spiritual joy will be in proportion to the spiritual character of my walk after I am saved.

Now do you see your mistake? You have been mixing up enjoyment with your safety, two widely different things. When through self-indulgence, loss of temper, worldliness, etc., you grieved the Holy Spirit, and lost your joy, you thought your safety was undermined. But again I repeat it —

Your safety hangs upon Christ's work for you.

Your assurance upon God's Word to you.

Your enjoyment upon your not grieving the Holy Ghost in you.

When, as a child of God, you do anything to grieve the Holy Spirit of God, your communion with the Father and the Son is, for the time, practically suspended; and it is only when you judge yourself, and confess your sins, that the joy of communion is restored.

Your child has been guilty of some misdemeanor. He shows upon his countenance the evident mark that something is wrong with him. Half an hour before this

He Was Enjoying a Walk With You

round the garden, admiring what you admired, enjoying what you enjoyed. In other words, he was in communion with you; his feelings and sympathies were in common with yours.

But now all this is changed, and as a disobedient child he stands in the corner, a very picture of misery.

Upon penitent confession of his wrongdoing you have assured him of forgiveness; but his pride and self-will keep him sobbing there.

Where is now the joy of half an hour ago? All gone. Why? Because communion between you and him has been interrupted.

What has become of the relationship that existed between you and your son half an hour ago? Has that gone, too? Is that severed or interrupted? Surely not.

His relationship depends upon his birth.

His communion upon his behavior.

But presently he comes out of the corner with broken will and broken heart, confessing the whole thing from first to last, so that you can see that he hates the disobedience as much as you do, and you take him in your arms and cover him with kisses. His joy is restored, because communion is restored.

When David sinned so grievously in the matter of Uriah's wife, he did not say, "Restore unto me Thy salvation," but "Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation" (Psa. 51:12).

But to carry our illustration a little further. Supposing while your child is in the corner there should be a cry of "fire" through your home, what would become of him then? Left in the corner to be consumed with the burning, falling house? Impossible!

Very probably he would be the very first person you would carry out. Ah, yes, you know right well that the love of relationship is one thing, and the joy of communion quite another.

(Continued next issue)

It is not hard for the Lord to turn night into day. He that sends the clouds can as easily clear the skies. Let us be of good cheer. It is better farther on. Let us sing *Hallelujah* by anticipation.

— C. H. Spurgeon

"Try Thanksgiving"

"IS" "MY" "THEE"

PRAISE CHANGES THINGS

Nothing so pleases God in connection with our prayer as our praise, and nothing so blesses the man who prays as the praise which he offers. I got a great blessing once in China in this connection. I had received bad and sad news from home, and deep shadows had covered my soul. I prayed, but the darkness did not vanish. I summoned myself to endure, but the darkness only deepened.

Just then I went to an inland station and saw on the wall of the mission home these words: "TRY THANKSGIVING." I did, and in a moment every shadow was gone, not to return. Yes, the Psalmist was right, "It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord."

— Rev. Henry W. Frost.

It had pleased God to remove my youngest child under circumstances of peculiar trial and pain; and as I had just laid my little one's body in the church yard, on return home, I felt it my duty to preach to my people on the meaning of trial. . . I knelt down and asked God to let His grace be sufficient for me. While I was thus pleading, I opened my eyes and saw a framed illuminated text, which my mother had given me only a few days before. . . As I looked up and wiped my eyes, the words met my gaze, "My grace is sufficient for thee." The "IS" was picked out in bright green while the "MY" and the "thee" were painted in another color.

The lesson that came to me, and which I seek to convey to others, is Never turn God's facts into hopes, or prayers but simply use them as realities, and you will find them powerful as you believe them. — Prebendary H. W. Webb Peploe.

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Two Days' Vacation

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

Mexico was made sure. The liberties and blessings we regard so lightly were counted good enough to die for by our forefathers.

We walked reverently about the battleground. I told my children again about the battle. On the Brigham monument to the eight who died there to buy our freedom from terrible oppression, we read the sublime words of General Sam Houston written the day before the battle in which he said the time had come when they must attack and in which he commended the outcome of the battle to the mercies of a just and wise God. Thank God for our freedom and those who won it! Real Christians have ever been patriots.

At this San Jacinto battlefield is now rising what will be the tallest monument in America, taller than the Washington monument. Already it rears into the sky until it can be seen for many, many miles.

A Day and Two Nights at Galveston

Late Monday afternoon we drove to Galveston which is about fifty miles from Houston. We secured tourist rooms.

Tuesday we spent the day happily. Without breakfast the children must bathe in the surf. The beach on the gulf side of Galveston is miles long. How my children enjoyed the water! They sunburned, learned to jump when the waves came that would be over their heads, picked up shells, found crabs, and played in the sand. Fortunately, the beach was not crowded and we could find room to ourselves.

Of course everybody had to try sea food at noon. All of us had eaten the famous gulf trout which is so hard to beat. But none of us had eaten the fried shrimps, etc. At noon the eight of us filled up a good section of a cafeteria. The children traded bites of food and enjoyed themselves. I went

from table to table several times seeing that all went well with the children. I asked Mrs. Rice once if she wanted some water, and a lady behind me at another table said she would like some. So I brought her a glass of water for which she thanked me very kindly. I suppose she thought I owned the cafeteria!

From 2:00 until 4:30 we took a ride on the excursion boat Galvez up and down Galveston harbor and out into the bay, a twenty-five mile trip altogether, which we greatly enjoyed. It was a problem to keep up with the five girls. They must see everything. They rode on the top deck and then the lower deck. They made new friends. One helped the captain steer the ship. They must learn all about the harbor, the dredges, the big banana steamer, the coast guard house, the buoys, a yacht that passed us, two big tankers out in "the roads." And Mrs. Rice, Miss Fairy Shappard and I were not far behind the children.

After the excursion ride, Mrs. Rice and Joanna, six, were put to bed for a rest, but not without violent protest from Joanna at least. The other girls bought souvenirs (not over ten cents, at McCrory's), drank soda pop, two of them had their pictures taken (four for ten cents). Then we looked for sea shells, and then away down the beach by ourselves we bathed in the surf again about sundown. I suppose I ought to confess that never having gotten accustomed to semi-nudity, I wore my undershirt with the bathing trunks which were on sale, and which other men wore. And perhaps I will be laughed at because I chose to take my children away from the crowd, since the present age in some ways are too fast for me.

And then we had supper. My children never spend much money, and rarely eat away from home.

So I offered them their choice of anything they wanted. The place on the beach where we stopped for supper made a specialty of fish and chicken. But four of the five after long deliberation asked if they could have hamburgers and soda pop! And while I was in a generous mood they stipulated that there were to be ice cream cones later if they could hold them. But the ice cream and soda pop in the afternoon, with big hamburgers and soda pop again for supper filled them up. I would not buy them candy but since a brother in Hallettsville had given them \$1.00 apiece, I allowed them to buy a nickel's worth apiece for once and that was all they could manage that night.

It was decided to spend ten cents apiece for amusements and there were many grave discussions. At first the younger members of the party were in for the merry-go-round, which is unusually large, with four horses abreast and two saddles to each big horse. But the "crazy house" was nearby which held strange and thrilling mysteries. Two of them wanted to ride the roller coaster but I talked a little against it. I was really not afraid, that is, not much, but I wanted to come home and preach some more so I suggested something else. Grace and Mary Lloys, Jimmie and Jessie and I went through the "crazy house." We were properly startled by the goblins that suddenly appeared, by the ghosts, by satan, by strange noises and gusts of wind and the maze of walls and doors, by the springs and moving boards we walked on.

Joan wanted to ride the "Dodgem," little electric cars that you drive about on the big floor, bumping into each other. Since Joan was only six that was a perfectly good reason for me riding with her. She steered a little bit until her excitement got entirely out of bounds and then she yelled and laughed with pleasure about the general mix-up. She and I learned that if handled a certain way the thing would run backwards and we almost broke up the party as we sailed around and around the course, wrong end first, wobbling. I admit, a bit crazy at the turns. Perhaps we demoralized things a bit; at least the manager blew his whistle and urged us to go right end first.

Then we bought a few shells and retired. And on Wednesday morning we returned to Dallas, driving the 300 miles in six and a half hours.

Should A Christian Take Out Insurance?

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

been great peace since we committed it to the Lord and gave up our insurance. Besides, the many provisions the Lord has made for our needs have been marvelous. We frequently do not have money for a day ahead. Our family is large. There are six other workers to be provided for. The expense of printing books, pamphlets, and "The Sword of the Lord" is heavy. I have no regular salary and my income varies. But, praise the dear Lord, it is always enough and He has never left us. It pays to trust the Lord and He has done a much better job of caring for my family than I could have done. I know we can safely trust Him about the future. And He who never sleeps nor grows old, nor comes to poverty will care for His beloved children who trust Him.

I am sure there are many people who did not have fire or accident insurance and later wished they had. But I am certain that there never was such a case where one had left off insurance, trusting in the Lord instead, who ever had cause to regret their choice. One who takes no thought for the future because he is too lazy or trifling or irresponsible does not deserve credit. There is no virtue in short-sightedness or laziness. But I am sure that one who leaves off insurance, choosing rather the course of faith in God, will never be disappointed. I am sure that no family will ever suffer because the husband and father decided to put them in the care of a Heavenly Father, author of all good things, who has promised to care for his own. Personally I know that God is surer than insurance companies.

If others leave off insurance, then let them do it by faith and because they believe they can safely depend upon God.

Again I see no virtue in using money for worldly pleasures instead of insurance or savings. Money had better be saved than wasted in riotous living. But all the money used to spread the gospel and honor the Lord Jesus is safely invested where it will bring the most returns. Money, used to "Seek first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness" guarantees that "All these things (food and drink and the necessities of life) shall be added unto you."

Jesus may come, praise His dear name, the sooner the better! Let us not set our hearts on the riches of this world, but on a world to come. Rather let us "Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself" (Mat. 6:34).

Trusting that these comments will be of some help and earnestly coveting your prayers, I am

Your brother in Christ,

JRR-S

JOHN R. RICE

Two entire days without preaching or writing! And now Wednesday afternoon as we write these lines we find ourselves refreshed and eager for service. How sweet it will be in Heaven when we really take a vacation. But even now we need, like Jesus told his disciples, to "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest a while: for there were many coming and going, and they had no leisure so much as to eat" (Mark 6:31).

P. S. In revival service tonight and had the joy of winning a dear 12 year old boy, in the seventh grade, to Christ. He had been thinking about it "nearly all the time," he said, and was certainly glad to trust Christ and claim it openly. Praise the Lord!

If you aspire to be a son of consolation; if you would partake of the priestly gift of sympathy; if you would pour something beyond commonplace consolation into a tempted heart; if you would pass through the intercourse of daily life with the delicate tact that never inflicts pain; you must be content to pay the price of a costly education—like Him, you must suffer."—F. W. Robertson.

—From *Streams in the Desert*

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